

Wichita Daily Eagle

A MATHEMATICAL GIFT.

PECULIAR ARITHMETICAL POWERS OF AN ILLITERATE MAN.

Rube Field, of Hazel Hill, Mo., who can neither read nor write, does some wonderful sums—his calculations are simply marvelous.

Although the public has heard something of Rube Field, the mathematical prodigy of Hazel Hill, what has been said and written of him has generally been guessed at. He is the mathematical wonder of the world, as regards calculations. Rube is an illiterate as a savage and can instantly solve any mathematical problem. He would not recognize his name if it were placed before him in type three feet high, nor can he tell a figure seven from an eight, yet he can tell how many miles a wheel will travel in a given time, how far the sun is from the earth, and how long it will take to get to the moon. Such a problem he considers quite simple and will announce the answers by the time you have concluded the question.

Rube is not easily engaged in conversation, and there is not a person in the world to whom he would confide his secrets. No more to his mother than to you. He believes that all mankind is in league to take from him his gift, or as he puts it, his "mystery." He requires every man in the same way, and that ungovernable fear will not keep him out of sight of the public, as he has for the last twenty years.

Though he is necessary to a degree in his dealings, he does not seem to possess any special desire for riches, but rather evinces the desire to see "fools," as he calls the human family, put to some expense on his account. It makes him feel big to have men hire him to be interviewed, and yet he will not make a public exhibition of himself, another evidence of his unusual constitution.

He cannot tell how he manipulates figures and computes numerals as with a thought, and his inability to explain bothers him least of all who are aware of the fact. He says he is aware if he could write an arithmetic with his system of calculation as a basis he "could make more money than ten railroad presidents," but he can't do it and doesn't care anything about it. He is satisfied with his lot and has great plans for the future. It is his belief that he came into this world to herald to men that beyond their vision of the sciences of numbers lies the key to all the mysteries of life. The great work he is to do upon earth has not been outlined to him by the Omnipotent, but will be.

A FEW INTRICATE SUMS.
Taking him unawares, I asked:
"Can you add 26,536,432 to 1,938,543 to 69,298,438 to 1,846,023,001 to 14,574 without stopping to figure?"

"That makes 71,473,496,404," said he on the instant, and then he laughed at my surprise.
As I called the numbers to him he added them, having the aggregate of the first two before I had finished the third, and of the whole while I caught my breath after enumerating them. Then I read him a column of figures ranging from tens to hundreds of thousands, the length of a sheet of legal cap, and he had furnished me an accurate aggregate the moment I finished.

Such an evidence of unexplained power will astonish the most credulous, but what must one think when such a character says that he is a living, walking, chronometer, and proves the same before you can dispute it. He distracts all men, and a financial consideration, together with the inducements of acquaintance, is necessary to set his tongue going, which done, he keeps you busy listening for he talks like a torrent rushing, swears with the fury of a cyclone and with the rapidity of electric pulsations. I employed him to be interviewed for one hour, and desiring to test him as to his knowledge of time without giving him an opportunity to consult a timepiece, I asked:

"What is the time now, professor?" (He delights to be called "professor.")
"Twenty-five and one-quarter minutes after 3," he replied. I reached for my watch to see if he was right, and before I could see he said: "Your watch is one and one-quarter fast."

"How do you know?" I asked.
"I can't tell you, but I am right," he said. And so he was, as the Western Union regulator proved. I then concluded to test him further, and resolved that I would say nothing of it when his hour was ended and note if he knew it. Imagine my surprise when the moment of a problem he stopped me and announced that his time was up. Consulting my watch I found him right to a second.

EXAMPLES OF REMARKABLE SIGHT.
Previous to that I had asked him the time in St. Petersburg and he stated it correctly, saying that he was conscious of the degree of longitude and latitude in all his calculations of time. He knows their location and can answer any question of time whenever asked. Often he has been aroused from sleep, and upon being asked the time would state it accurately while rubbing his eyes.

Reading the dial plate of a clock in Berlin, he says, is no more trouble to him than that of the watch in my pocket, and in this he brings proof of the assertion that he is conscious of every correct clock tick in the world, whether sleeping or awake. You may take him by surprise, and after stating that the distance from Kansas City to New York and the dimensions of a locomotive drive wheel, added a stated loss for slipping of the wheel in each mile traveled, and he will instantly tell you how many revolutions the wheel will make in traveling that distance.

His memory is almost as remarkable as his calculating genius. Having heard any statement he will remember it, and though he may not understand words he hears, he will use them in the same or a similar sense to that in which they were used when he heard them. By this means he has a vocabulary far in advance of other illiterates.

Speaking of his youth he said he remembered no chance to see his knowledge of things is covered, since his seventh year, at which time he came into possession of his "mystery." He is not fond of his relatives, who, he believes, would make a fortune at his expense if he were not so smart as to prevent it. He used to call him a fool, and he has forgiven them for that. —Kansas City Times.

A MISS.

Amazing Attempts of Many People to Tell What It Is.

Some time ago London Tit-Bits offered a two guinea prize for the best definition of a kiss. Seven thousand answers were received. The prize was awarded to Benjamin J. Greenwood, of Tulsa Hill, London, whose definition is herewith framed:

An inspired and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is favored with love.

The following is a selection from some of the best definitions submitted:

What the chimney sweeper imprinted on the rosy lips of the scullery maid when she told him she favored his suit.

The sweetest fruit on the tree of love. The cleaner plucked, the more abundant it grows.

A thing of use to no one, but much prized by two.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's beulsion and the hypocrite's mask.

That which you cannot give without taking, and cannot take without giving. The name of agony to a bashful man.

The only known "smack" that will calm a storm.

A telegram to the heart, in which the operator uses the "sounding" system.

Nothing divided between two.

A rock in the sea of life, on which the good ship Bachelor was wrecked.

A kiss from a pretty girl is like having hot treacle poured down your back by angels.

The thunderclap of the lips, which inevitably follows the lightning glance of the eyes.

A report at headquarters.

The anatomical juxtaposition of two brilliant cis muscicles in a state of contraction.

When lips of lovers meet in bliss the pleasing act is termed a "kiss," but when the pair have wed each other the rapid thing is called a "kiss."

The sweetest labial of the world's language.

The sounding line used by a woman to fathom the depths of man's weakness.

THE WIND TO THE WHITE ROSE.

Low murmurs the wind in this vernal hour.

"I wonder after o'er wave and lee, And numberless blossoms unfold for me, 'Tis in color and was frail, From scarlet poppy to bridal veil.

"Yet every summer, o'er land and sea, I fly, white rose of the south, to thee! Long have I wooed thee, with passion's pain, Through dancing sunbeam and sobbing rain, Through pouting petal and willful thorn, Tender sweet love but a thing forlorn.

"And the clostral calm of your virgin breast Has filled my heart with a wild unrest!" —William H. Hayne in Frank Leslie's.

SOME NEW CONGRESSMEN

MR. GRAVES WRITES OF MEMBERS FROM THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

Jerry Simpson, B. H. Clover, John Davis, John G. Otis, Eli T. Stackhouse, L. F. Livingston, John C. Kyle and Several Others.

[Special Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Let me tell you something about a number of new congressmen from the rural districts. It is no disgrace to a congressman to come from the back woods. The fact is that a large majority of the men who have made great reputations in the senate and house came originally from the farm. Just why the country districts should produce more genuine statesmen than the cities is a thing which I cannot understand. Possibly it is because the bright and ambitious men of the centers of population are more drawn off into trade, the professions, speculations and money making in general than their brothers of the back counties.

Probably the most distinguished farmer member of the next house is Jerry Simpson. He is so well known that I need not say much about him. I know Jerry very well, and can tell you he is a shrewd enough to take care of himself. He sits in my office one day for two hours talking politics, agriculture and finance, and he does not say a word about his farm. He is a lawyer now, but for several years he has been a "shack" on wild land to which his only title came the rights of a squatter sovereign.

Johnson, North Dakota, an earnest Christian and church member.

A tall, lank statesman from the prairies is O. M. Kenn, of Broken Bow, Neb. He is the man who had the nerve to try to overcome an opposition majority of 12,000 in his congressional district.

For twelve weeks he "hustled" day and night, and a daughter who was born to him during the campaign was five weeks old before he saw her.

He was elected by a 6,000 majority in a district nearly as large as all New England, and it is his proud boast that in his campaign he bought neither a cigar nor a glass of liquor.

A farmer congressman, who is also a millionaire, comes from Pennsylvania—Colonel George Huff, of Greencastle. As a boy he worked in the Pennsylvania railroad shops at Altoona. Now he is a director in two banks, a dozen mines, three or four railroads, gas and electric light companies, and pretty much everything else in the state.

He has a magnificent stock farm, which President Harrison recently visited as Colonel Huff's guest. Mr. Huff proudly wears a medal which shows that he was one of the Old Guard of 36 who stood so long for Grant at Chicago.

How a Painter Became a Banker.
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 23.—The father of A. J. Drexel, and the founder of the great Philadelphia banking house of Drexel & Co., and indirectly of the New York house of Drexel, Morgan & Co., was, in his youth, a portrait painter. Having conceived a sudden desire to go to South America to prosecute his art, he left Philadelphia against the earnest counsel of his friends, and visited various capitals of the different republics.

At the end of a year or more he returned to his native place with \$10,000, derived from taking the portraits of many dignitaries, and expressed his determination to set up a banking house with that amount. Again his friends tried to dissuade him, but to no purpose.

The house was established, and so great was the faith in Drexel's honesty and capacity that a number of rich firms and corporations at once opened accounts with him. The result was that he made a deal of money and gained extraordinary credit. Very seldom has so important a business had so small a beginning. Instituting a bank on \$10,000 would seem today like building a great railroad with ten cents.

L. G. F.

plan for mortgage lifting which he will

accompany him in congress. An interesting old man, is he not? He has a face and an expression not unlike those of a famous man who once lived in Kansas, and whose "son" is marching on.

These Kansas farmer congressmen are a pretty strong lot of men. Here is John G. Otis, of Topeka. His head indicates much thought, his eyes are those of the enthusiast, his jaw shows stubbornness and courage. I don't believe it worth any one's while to sneer at these hayseed statesmen. It is better to wait and see what they have to do and say.

A fine old gentleman farmer is Mr. Eli T. Stackhouse, who comes to the house from South Carolina. He comes of Quaker stock, and his plantation, "Forest Home," near Marion, has for a third of a century been noted for its hospitality. Few houses in the south have presented a better picture of cultured country life. He was a leading Granger, is a prominent member of the Farmers' Alliance and a Democrat. His fame as an agricultural writer extends throughout the south.

Two other southern farmer congressmen are L. F. Livingston, of Georgia, and John Curtis Kyle, of Mississippi. Colonel Livingston and Jerry Simpson will probably be rivals for leadership of the Farmers' Alliance contingent in the house. The Georgia member is a strong man, so great a talker that in the Ocala convention he was accused of taking up all the time, and he has been a big factor all his life.

Mr. Kyle is not so well known, but as he says himself he has one claim to distinction which must surely attract attention—he was not in the Confederate army. He was reared on a farm, though now a lawyer, has a big head, a good deal of it, and an eloquent pair of lips.

A man who will be heard of in the future is Congressman Johnson, of North Dakota. He is a lawyer now, but for several years he has been a "shack" on wild land to which his only title came the rights of a squatter sovereign.

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L. G. F.

The average salary of ministers in the United States is under \$400 a year, and very much more is required of those who receive \$400 than of those who receive \$400.

The father of one of the largest property holders in London is buried in a glass case on top of one of the finest buildings in the city.

THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD!

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Inhabitants of Caves.
Among the animals in caves where Egyptian darkness ever dwells are blind crayfish, colorless, which in the water by torchlight look like white phantoms of their outdoor kind. Now and then in such places one comes across a common frog, emaciated and seemingly discouraged, which has found its way, how, no one knows, to the Tartarean realms. Also one discovers curious cave rats, of the same color as the domestic rat, but with longer bodies, like a mole, more developed whiskers and much bigger ears.

Of bats there are multitudes in the caverns, as one might expect, inasmuch as they are creatures of darkness. Countless numbers of them frequent the black hollows of Mammoth and Luray. There were times in the past when these vast caves were the resorts of gigantic beasts, such as the megatherium, mylodon, megalonyx and other huge sloths, wiped out by the glacial epoch. With their bones are found those of extinct tapirs and peccaries.—Washington Star.

The First Naturalized Woman.
Mrs. Elizabeth Cryer, mother of Dr. Matt H. Cryer, of Philadelphia, is believed to have been the first woman to demand naturalization papers in the United States. Dr. Cryer shows a certificate dated Feb. 14, 1857, which states that Mrs. Cryer had upon that date declared her intention of becoming a citizen. The paper was made out at Omaha, Nebraska territory.—St. Louis Republic.

Her Stepdaughter.
Our four-year-old son and heir was recently informed that his aunt, a widow, had married again. A few days later, wishing to speak of the new uncle, but not knowing his name, he hesitated for a moment and then said, "You know, I mean Aunt Gertrude's stepdaughter."

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How Russian Photographers Get Even.
The Russian original way of punishing those whom they have photographed, and yet who have failed to pay the bill for their work. Outside of each photographing establishment there is a frame hung in a most conspicuous place. Into this frame are put the pictures of all the delinquents who owe and cannot or will not pay. Instead of putting the pictures in right side up in the usual dignified manner, they are inserted upside down.

One sees in these frames pictures of blooming children, pretty maids and dandified matrons, who are punished in this way, although they may have no share in the actual delinquency. The children, of course, have no option as to whether their pictures should be taken or not. The maidens were sent to be photographed by devoted but careless fathers, and the matrons by husbands who refused to shoulder the responsibility of paying for families of their fair better halves.—New York Advertiser.

Didn't Know His Wife's Name.
"Struck the funniest case of my life Saturday," said City Physician Hazard, of Allegheny. "I am examiner for a life insurance company, and was making an examination of an oil producer living on North avenue. He was taking out a policy for \$10,000. He wanted to go out of town today and was in a hurry. The policy was in favor of his wife, and when asked to give her name he scratched his head for awhile and then muttered: 'Doggoned if I know. I always call her Belle, but then it's larger than that.'"

"Well, though the man had been married eighteen years, he had to go home and make his wife write her name out on a card. I can't blame him for not remembering it, though, for her full first name is Anicetabel!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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